

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 186.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

PRICE 1½d.

HOW A NEW WORLD WAS FOUND AND LOST.

IF, in any average assembly, the question was asked, 'Who discovered America?' probably the great majority would unhesitatingly reply, 'Christopher Columbus.' Nevertheless, the opinion of the majority would hardly be correct; Columbus did not discover the New World—he merely *recovered* it. At the time the bold Genoese planned his scheme of reaching the Indies by a westward route, documents were in existence giving particulars of several visits to the North American continent five hundred years before. Whether Columbus knew of these voyages is a point which never can be determined; but, judging from the course he steered and the object of the expedition—to reach the East Indies, the El Dorado of the Middle Ages—it seems very unlikely he had derived any information whatever from this source.

All honour is due to the man who first resolved to penetrate the unknown secrets of the West by boldly steering his barque for the regions of the setting sun, and who carried his attempt to a triumphant termination despite of his many difficulties and discouragements. Still, the fact remains that Columbus only regained a world well known to Europeans five centuries before his day, a world with which a continuous intercourse was maintained for upwards of three hundred years, and which was then inexplicably abandoned, and its very existence ignored or forgotten for well-nigh a couple of centuries. How and when the North American continent was discovered, previously to its re-discovery by Columbus, it is the purpose of this paper to relate.

When the Roman galleys circumnavigated Britain, the farthest land they descried to the north was named by them Ultima Thule—the end of the world. This has been supposed by some authorities to have been Iceland, by others the Shetland Islands; but it was not until the year 874 A.D. that any settlement was made in Iceland. It seems to have been first visited by

Naddoir, a Norse pirate, who was driven thither by a storm in the year 860; and Gardar, a Swedish mariner, sailed round it in 864.

Not long after the colonisation of Iceland, Greenland was reached, and in the year 986, Eric the Red founded a settlement there, named Eric'sfiord, after himself. One of his companions was an Icelander named Bardson, who had a son, Biron, then absent in Norway. On the latter's return to Iceland, he, finding his father had gone to Greenland, at once resolved to follow him. Contrary winds drove him far out of his proper course, and for many days his ship was enveloped in dismal fogs, so that he lost all reckoning as to his whereabouts. At last the fogs cleared away, and he perceived land a short distance off. The nature of the coast, however, not corresponding with the description he had got of Greenland, Biron concluded he was not on the right track, and steered his ship to the northward. Two days afterwards, land was again sighted; but being flat and covered with trees, it was evidently not the land they sought, and was accordingly left to windward. Still sailing on before a south-west breeze, in three days' time they came to a mountainous island covered with ice. This also was passed without landing; and in four days more, the coast of Greenland was sighted, and Biron had the satisfaction of rejoining his father. To Biron, therefore, belongs the honour of being the first European to discover the shores of North America. There is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the accounts of this voyage; and it is evident, from the duration of the trip and the description of the lands sighted, that the ship, after departing from Iceland, was carried far to the southward until the coast of America was reached. No landing was made on the continent, and Biron contented himself with making all possible speed to his destination, coasting along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador on his way thither.

Several years after this, Biron was again in Norway, and gave Earl Eric an account of his voyage and of the new lands he had discovered.

The hardy Norsemen at this time were the most daring of mariners, and the earl desired that more should be learned about this strange and hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, on Biron's return to Iceland, it was determined to make a voyage of further exploration. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, took the command of the expedition; and in the year 1000 he sailed with a crew of twenty-five men. In four days' time they came to the last land discovered by Biron, which they named Hellaland, from the shores being composed of slate, *hella* being the Scandinavian word for that substance. What part of America this was, is disputed, some authorities maintaining it to be Newfoundland; but, from the description of the land, it is more likely to have been Labrador. Leaving here, they stood to the southward, and came to a land covered with woods, probably Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. This they christened Woodland; and, still running before a north-east wind, in two days more they again sighted land. Here they sailed between an island and a promontory running north-east, and casting anchor, went on shore. Discovering a large river issuing from a lake, they brought their vessel into it, and resolved to winter there and explore the neighbouring country. Huts were accordingly erected, and the settlement received the name of Leifsbuthir. A German named Tyrker was one of the party; and having reported that, in one of the exploring expeditions, he had come across great abundance of wild grapes, the country was called Vinland. The whereabouts of this settlement—the first on the American coast—is of course a matter of conjecture; but, judging from the description of the climate and products of the soil, it is probable it was somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

In the spring, Leif returned to Iceland; and the accounts of his discoveries had the result of stimulating others to prosecute the work of exploration. Another expedition sailed in the year 1004, under the care of Thorwald, who seems to have profited by his predecessor's experiences, and steered a more direct course for the American coast. Coming to a peculiarly shaped headland, opposite to another with a fine bay between, he named it Keel Cape. This is supposed to have been Cape Cod. Doubling this, Thorwald continued his course until he arrived at a fine promontory, beautifully wooded, which so charmed him that he resolved to found a settlement there. On landing, they found three canoes, under each of which were three Indians, or Skraelings as they called them, the latter being their name for the Eskimos. This was the first meeting of Europeans and the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, and its result was a foretaste of the many bloody encounters destined to occur in after-years between the settler and the savage. The natives seemingly were in nowise alarmed at the advent of the white strangers, and stood their ground manfully. In the fight which ensued, however, the superiority of the white man was soon apparent, and eight out of the nine were slain. The other managed to effect his escape, and soon returned with a considerable company of his tribe. Thorwald and his men were compelled to retreat to their ship; but, unfortunately, the commander of the expedition himself received a mortal wound

in the fight. An arrow pierced him under the right arm, and he soon became aware that his end was nigh. His last words were instructions to bury him on the promontory he had thought so fair, and then make their way home as speedily as they conveniently could. After carrying out their leader's instructions as to his burial, the party sailed to Leifsbuthir, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland.

The next voyage was a complete failure. Thornstein, third son of Eric the Red, embarked along with his wife; but after being driven about by tempestuous winds all summer, they quite lost their reckoning. The winter season was already come when they succeeded in reaching the western coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain. Here Thornstein died; and in the following spring his widow brought the ship back to Eric's fiord. The object of this expedition was to recover the body of Thorwald and bring it home to Greenland; but instead of succeeding in his purpose, poor Thornstein found a grave himself far from his home and kindred.

In the summer of the following year (1006) a much more important expedition was fitted out for the further investigation of the new continent. The expedition was under the command of Thorfinn, surnamed the Hopeful. He was a man of wealth, and was descended from illustrious ancestors, some being of royal rank. However, if the old manuscripts are correct, his blood must have been anything but pure, as among the more worthy of his 'forebears' are said to have been Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scottish, and Irish persons of high and powerful station! When the festival of Yule arrived, the customary festivities were observed in true Scandinavian fashion. Thorfinn was captivated by the charms of Gudrida—Thornstein's widow—and she, having evidently forgot her sorrows, became his wife before the expedition sailed. It consisted of three ships and one hundred and forty men. An attempt was to be made to found a permanent colony, and all sorts of necessaries were taken on board ship, including live-stock and domestic animals of every description. At last, everything was in readiness, and the expedition set sail. Hellaland was first touched at, then Woodland, where abundance of wild animals were met with. At these places, however, they did not delay, but pressed southwards to more favoured lands. Keel Cape was sighted and passed, after which they coasted along a great tract of sandy beach till they came to where a fiord or firth ran a great way inland. At the mouth of the firth was an island, and both here and farther up the estuary strong currents were encountered, which considerably retarded their progress. The island they called Straumey, or Stream-island; and the firth, Straum-fiord. The island is conjectured to have been that now known as Martha's Vineyard; and the firth would probably be Buzzard Bay. Here they remained for some time, exploring the country round about, and found it to be of a very fine description. To men accustomed to the bleak shores and unkindly climate of Greenland and Iceland, the magnificent summer climate and luxuriant vegetation of this southerly latitude must have been charming in the extreme.

One of the captains, Thorhall by name, was

despatched with the smallest ship to look for the settlement of Leif, in Vinland; but a most untoward fate was in store for him. Westerly gales drove him right across the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland, where he and his crew are said to have been all made slaves. Consequently, if this story be accepted as authentic, Thorhall had the honour—though against his will—of being the first to sail right across the Atlantic Ocean from shore to shore. And still more remarkable is the fact, that this first voyage from the one continent to the other in a temperate latitude should have been from west to east, or, in other words, from the New World to the Old!

Meanwhile, Thorfinn, with the rest of the expedition, prosecuted his explorations by sailing farther to the southward. In due time they came to a land with great tracts of wheat growing wild, and also many wild vines. Here Thorfinn erected huts and passed the winter season. To the Norsemen, however, it would hardly appear winter, for no snow fell, and their domestic animals were able to procure their sustenance in the fields without any difficulty. Numerous parties of the natives were seen, and, in the beginning of the next spring (1008), they opened communications with the strangers. Their furs and skins, of which they had many, they eagerly bartered for cloth or any trifling articles new to them. At this time there happened a most interesting event in the history of America—Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, was safely confined of a son, who had thus the proud distinction of being the first native-born American of European parents. He received the name of Snorri, and among his lineal descendants are included Thorwaldsen the famous sculptor, and Magnussen the well-known Danish savant. After some further exploring expeditions, in which he experienced various adventures, including several fights with the natives, Thorfinn and his party sailed back to Greenland. Neither he nor his American-born son seems ever to have returned to the New World. They both settled in Iceland; and the grandson of Snorri, who adopted a clerical profession and was made a bishop, was a man of great learning. He it is who is supposed to have been the writer of the Sagas, or accounts of the voyages and adventures from which we derive our information of the Norse discoveries in America.

The next account we have is of a voyage in the year 1011; and after that there is a great gap of about a hundred years before we find any other expedition mentioned. Although there are no written accounts of any visits to the American coast during this period, we must not hastily conclude that no communication was kept up. There is an account of another voyage to Vinland in 1121, and doubtless many other visits were paid in the intervening years, although no written particulars are now extant. After this period, the intercourse with the New World would seem to have been suspended, and its existence even forgotten, as we are told a new land to the west of Greenland was discovered in 1285 by some Icelandic missionaries. Probably, this was Newfoundland; and the last voyage we have any account of is one from Greenland to Woodland in the year 1347.

Such is a condensed account of the contents of

the Icelandic manuscripts; and there seems no reasonable ground for contesting the truth of the documents. When we consider the character of the hardy Norse mariners and their other distant maritime expeditions, we need not wonder at their venturing so far to the westward. The distance from the southern point of Greenland to the coast of Labrador is only some six hundred miles, little more than the distance from Norway to England. The daring spirits of the north, with whom adventurous expeditions were a passion, and who carried their plundering raids into the Mediterranean, and ravaged its coasts even to the walls of Constantinople, would consider it mere child's-play to run a few hundred miles south-west from their settlements in Greenland. In fact, a greater wonder would have been had they failed to run their long keels somewhere upon the American continent. The most extraordinary circumstance in the whole affair is not their finding but their losing the New World. Their reason for abandoning such a magnificent heritage cannot be fathomed. Possibly, the occurrence of some striking event in Europe—such as the conquest by the Norsemen of that portion of France since called Normandy, and which formed a rich and convenient colony—distracted the attention of the home authorities, and drew their energies into different spheres of action. The absence of sufficient attraction in the shape of plunder would also deter the wild Norse rovers from troubling themselves much about the new countries. Peaceful colonising schemes were not to their mind, and they had full scope for practising their favourite occupation of raiding among the wealthier nations of the Old World. Had the Icelandic explorers only continued their efforts, and penetrated a little farther to the south, in all probability the result would have been different. There they would have found a nobler and more civilised race of men. Gold, silver, and precious stones would have been met with in abundance; and a country producing such commodities would certainly not have been so neglected and forgotten.

What might have been the results in shaping the destinies of both the Old World and the New, had the discovery of the vast extent and unbounded wealth of the Americas been made five centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, it is impossible to tell. One cannot help thinking, however, that had the subjugation of the native races been then attempted, the gallant warriors of Mexico would not have succumbed so easily as they did before Cortes and his handful of Spaniards. There would have been more of an equality in the contest, as firearms were not then known, and there is no doubt it was this advantage which gave the merciless conquerors their easy victory. The native empires of America would have had ample time to prepare for the struggle, and in the meantime the intercourse opened up with European nations would have accustomed them to other modes of warfare, and enabled them to profit in various ways from the more advanced civilisation of the East. Then, possibly, instead of being deprived of their lands by strangers, and they themselves doomed to practical extinction as a race or people, the native races of America might have retained

the greater portion of their vast territories in their own hands, and founded native empires in the New World unsurpassed in wealth and power by those of the Old.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXI.—GHOSTS.

A WEEK passed, and Cable did not reappear at the Hall. Josephine hardly expected that he would, but she half—more than half—wished that he would. He had loved her; she knew that, and it mortified her to think that his love had died so easily. She did not wish to live with him on the first footing; but she did not desire to part from him in anger and unforgiveness. She made no second attempt to see him. She nursed her resentment at the injustice she conceived he had shown, and hugged herself in her pride. It was not for her to step down to him. She had asked his pardon, and he had refused it. Now, he must come to her, and acknowledge that there had been fault on his part.

Mr Cornellis said not a word. Everything was progressing as best accorded with his wishes. He might spoil, he could not mend matters by putting his finger to them. Josephine's indiscreet marriage and this speedy separation were most convenient to him. She was married to a man who could not interfere with him. He was left with the Hall as his home, and Josephine's fortune pretty well at his disposal. A husband of her own class of life would have taken the management of her affairs into his own hands, and would have required him and Judith to find some other home.

He did not understand Cable. He had visited him without mentioning it to his daughter, and had made him a handsome offer to induce him to leave the place. His offer had been indignantly rejected. Why, Mr Cornellis could not see. He supposed that Richard wanted to make better terms, and he was ready to offer them, but waited to see whether, on reconsideration, Cable would not come to his terms. Like all unprincipled men, he was incapable of admitting the existence of noble springs of action in others.

One morning, he came into the parlour with real surprise and perplexity in his face. 'Josephine,' he said, 'what do you think has happened? That Poor Richard of yours has given us the slip; he has gone off with all his goods and chattels.'

'Gone, papa!'

'Gone, and joy go with him—gone in the yacht. He has kept the plan to himself. Last night, he cleared out, live-stock and all, his mother and all the litter; and the vessel sailed this morning early; she went out with the tide.'

'Papa!—you do not mean this! Gone! Gone whither?'

'That is more than I can say; let us hope, to explore the North-west Passage. We will send no expeditions after them. If the polar bears eat them, may they find the Cables great and small to their taste; they are not to ours.'

Josephine made no response. She was too surprised to speak, and not a little distressed. Richard gone, and gone without a farewell—gone

for how long? Gone, possibly, for ever. Something rose in her throat and choked her. It was well, perhaps, that he had departed; but it was not well that he had gone without taking her hand in both his, looking into her eyes, and then, with broken voices, asking each other's mutual forgiveness for the past mistakes and estrangement.

After remaining for some time silent, thinking, and half disposed to cry, Josephine said: 'Papa, do make inquiries. I must know whither he is gone; I cannot endure uncertainty.'

'You will not charter a vessel and sail after him?'

'No, papa; but I want to know where he is. Has he left no message, not a note, for me?'

'Not a word, which is perhaps fortunate: a word would have been pronounced, and a letter spelled, wrong.'

'Don't speak like that, papa—it—it pains me.'

'Indeed! You have become sensitive very suddenly.'

There is a kind of woman widely dispersed throughout the civilised world who not only eats nothing but veal, but looks upon it as her proper destiny to bleed calves and reduce their flesh to a condition of veal. To their minds, veal is the only allowable food: the woman who touches beef is to be shunned as a dangerous person. To suit the taste of these women, everything must be reduced to a condition of veal—the lifeblood, the colour, the warmth, be bled out of it. These women precipitate themselves, as by natural gravitation, into the arms of ministers of religion, because they find in their minds the nearest approach to intellectual veal, and listen in sweet complacency to their sermons, which are elocutionary veal. Their favourite reading consists of insipid and harmless novels, in which is neither fire of passion nor spark of originality. To feel deeply, to think independently, are to them tokens of a beefy nature, demanding the lancet and the letting of blood. They delight in pale colours, half-tints, weak morality, milk-puddings, and afternoon teas. If they could get their tea to draw without the water being raised to a boil, it would please them well.

A century ago, every man went to the barber in spring and was 'let blood;' and our grandmothers all underwent a similar veal-producing process, morally, spiritually, mentally; nowadays, a few dashing calves kick up their heels and frisk about the field and refuse to submit to have their jugular cut.

All respect to the good women who go about with their lancets and little measures for blood; veal is an excellent meat; we must be thankful to them for producing it; but they exceed their province, they excite our remonstrance, when they insist on our eating nothing but veal. The best meat may pall on us when we have no variety, and to some stomachs, veal is positively indigestible. But these veal-eating women are apt to be censorious, and to condemn everything that contains all but a modicum of blood.

Aunt Judith was a veal-eater; she was a worthy woman, of narrow intellect and commonplace mind. Her brother was somewhat of a trial to her; her niece, a very grievous one. The boldness of character, the independence of thought

in Josephine, frightened her. She could not understand her brother. More than half his sarcasms glinted off the surface of her mind, incapable of receiving them and feeling their point.

Josephine sat with her aunt in the afternoon, but was scarce conscious of her presence. Her mind was away on the sea, following the yacht over the blue waves and the foaming white horses. In which direction were the bows turned? What was the plan in Richard's brain?

It is a strange fact that a woman rarely appreciates the force of her own stabs. She regards the wounds she deals as light matters, to be easily patched over and quickly healed. That they should go down to the bone, be liable to fester—that they should leave permanent scars, never enters her head. So now, Josephine laid little weight on the provocation she had given; and she resented the conduct of Richard in leaving her without an interview, as an undeserved injury.

Aunt Judith broke in on her reverie by saying: 'I wonder when Mr Cable will return. Perhaps he has taken the children a sail for change of air. I feel a want of a change myself.'

'I do not think he will return,' said Josephine. 'He has taken the furniture of the cottage with him.'

'What has made him do that?'

'He is no doubt going to make a home elsewhere.'

'Why should he leave Hanford?' asked Judith.

'He has been uncomfortable in this house; he is not accustomed to the restraints of our mode of life,' replied Josephine.

'Uncomfortable! The dinner has always been well cooked. What more can he desire?'

'It was not the food which disagreed with him.'

'It is a pity that he should go, considering who he is,' muttered Judith Cornellis.

'Who he is? He has been a fish out of water.'

'I do not mean that,' said Aunt Judith. 'Considering who he is, he ought to be here. Of course he has told you about himself and his origin?'

'I do not understand. Of course I know'—

'Then you know that in common justice he ought to be in this house. I think Gabriel behaved very badly in the matter. I know I have not much cleverness; but I can see that Mr Cable has been hardly treated. Your father says that man is an intelligent animal, and woman also—intermittently. I suppose I have an intermittent interval of intelligence now and then; and it does seem to me very hard on Richard Cable that he, being the son of Gabriel Gotham, should not have this house and estate as his own; or, at all events, that he should not have been provided for independently.'

'Richard—Gabriel Gotham's son?'

'Yes, of course. He must have told you the story. Your father did not wish you to know it before you were married; but now that you are Mrs Cable, there is no objection to our talking about it.'

'Richard never said a word about this to me. I am quite sure he did not know who was his

father. Yes—I am positive—he told me that himself; and he never said what was false.'

'He did not know? Nonsense, my dear; of course his mother told him.'

'Aunt, I am convinced to the contrary. You do not understand Mrs Cable. She is very proud, as proud as if she were a lady. And Richard feels so delicately, that I know he would ask her nothing.'

'Mrs Cable always was a proud and reserved woman. She refused a very handsome allowance that was offered her by the family, when the marriage was annulled.'

'Gabriel and she were married?'

'Yes; they were married in Scotland. He ran away with her from Newcastle. It was an unusual course, and therefore very wrong, and it brought after it the natural consequences of all wrong-doing.'

'But, aunt, how is it, if they were married, that Mrs Cable did not live with Cousin Gotham and bear his name?'

'Because the marriage was annulled. By Scottish law, those who are married must have resided a certain number of days in the country. They had not been the full time by five hours, so that the marriage was declared illegal.'

'But—how monstrous!—why did not Cousin Gabriel come with her to England and get married again? That would have made all right.'

'He found that he had made a mistake; and he took advantage of the legal flaw to slip out of the marriage.'

'But—Aunt Judith—the child—I mean Richard?'

'My dear, of course, as the marriage was invalidated, Richard was illegitimate. The marriage was annulled before he was born.'

Josephine started from her chair and went to the window.

'When Gabriel married Bessie Cable, he was young and inconsiderate, and soon discovered they were an ill-assorted pair. His father and uncle used their influence, and he made no objection to a separation.'

Josephine's face flamed. She stood at the window looking out.

'You see now what I mean,' pursued Judith Cornellis. 'If it had not been for that slip of five hours, Richard Cable would be Richard Gotham and Squire of Hanford.'

'It was infamous—infamous!' muttered Josephine.

'I cannot say that it was right of Gabriel not to acknowledge him, or at least to leave him a provision in his will. But then—as you married Richard, all seemed to settle itself practically, and the injustice to rectify itself; but now, all is wrong again. You perceive, my dear, how wrong it is to take a course which is unusual; it lands in all kinds of difficulties.'

'It was infamous—infamous!' repeated Josephine.

'I would hardly use so strong a term,' said Miss Cornellis. 'It was inconsiderate, perhaps, of Gabriel Gotham, and a little failing in justice to Richard Cable. But perhaps Gabriel considered that as Bessie Cable refused everything that was offered her, she might influence her son to adopt the same obstinate and unreasonable conduct.'

'She comes out best—far, far the best in the whole ugly story,' said Josephine vehemently. 'How could Cousin Gabriel be so base—so shabby?'

'My dear, it was a most unsuitable match. If you and Richard had been married in Scotland, and there was a flaw of five hours, would you not be glad now to seize the occasion?'

'No, no! It was despicable; it was taking advantage of the poor woman's ignorance.'

'I am sure that Gabriel was equally ignorant at first. It was only when the matter was looked into, that the flaw was found.'

'Aunt,' said Josephine, crossing the room, pulling a withered flower out of a vase, then going to the window again, and then to the table to arrange the books—'aunt, I feel like a robber. I have driven Richard away out of this house. I have taken all the money, all the land, everything to myself, which by equity belongs to him.'

'I wish you would not dash about in the room like a bird that has got in and cannot find its way out. Sit down, and talk of this matter easily.'

'I cannot. I cannot keep my hands or my feet quiet. I am tingling in all my nerves. I feel as if I had committed a dreadful crime. If I tease you, I will go out. I must speak about this to papa.'

'My dear—on no account!' exclaimed Miss Cornellis, in a tone of alarm. 'He would be very angry with me for mentioning it to you.'

'But why was I not told before? How long have you known this?'

'Oh, for many years. It has been a family scandal, that has been hushed up.'

'I ought to have been informed of the circumstances. I would never have accepted Cousin Gabriel's estate.'

'You could not help yourself. It was left, not directly to you, but to trustees for your use.'

'It was wrong in you, in my father, not to tell me everything. I cannot remain still. I irritate you with my pacing about. I cannot help myself. I must see papa.'

'He is out now, and will not be in for some hours.'

'That is as well. I will go to the wind-strew and sit there. I am so agitated, so angry, so surprised. This is sprung on me. I have been shamefully treated. I ought not to have been kept in ignorance.'

She swept out of the room. She felt the necessity for being alone. This strange revelation was fraught with consequences not to be gauged in a minute. What was that which Mrs Cable had said about the cuckoo turning the little birds out of their parents' nest? She was the cuckoo; she had taken to herself the nest that of right belonged to Richard; she had done more—she had driven him, his mother and children, out of their own modest cottage, as well. Could she sit still and ruffle her plumes, and spread her feathers, and occupy the nest that was not hers by right, leaving them outcasts?

Why had her father kept the secret so closely from her? She shrank from the conclusion. Why, knowing what he did, had he counselled her to insult her husband and drive him away?

She shrank from the answer she made to herself. At once, with great determination, she resolved not any more to ask advice of her father and be guided by his opinion. She must think out the situation for herself, form her own resolution, and act on it, in defiance of every remonstrance from him or Aunt Judith. He would stand in the way of her doing what was just, and she would object to what was unusual. Josephine sat on the windstrew, her head spinning, hot rushes of anger sweeping through her arteries, followed by cold qualms of heart-sickness. As she thus sat, her fingers plucked at the breasting of bricks, peeled away flakes of velvety moss, scratched out scraps of mortar, picked away chips of brick, and flung them over the unprotected side among the broken potsherds. She looked over and saw a mouldering collection of garden refuse—old geranium roots turned out of their pots, and half-decayed flower-sticks, the fragments of a shattered garden vase of terra-cotta, the accumulation of years of broken flower-pots—a home for the slug and the centipede and the wood-louse. This was the bed on which Gabriel Gotham had fallen, a bed that truly symbolised his mind.

Josephine could not shake the thought of Gabriel out of her head, now that she had looked on the place where he had fallen and met his death. As she sat on the windstrew, with the smell of decay steaming up from the refuse-heap, his feeble, shivering ghost seemed to rise out of it and shake its hands deprecatingly, and jabber an appeal for pitiful consideration. She had been throwing the bits of mortar and brick down where he had fallen, and with them had cast hard and reproachful thoughts at the dead man. She could not thank him for what he had done for her; he had enriched her at the cost of a gross injustice committed on his son. What an utterly mean, selfish creature Gotham had been! His roundabout way of compensating Richard through her had been on a par with all his tortuous methods through life.

She could not endure to remain on the windstrew surrounded with sights that brought Cousin Gotham before her; she would go to the cottage, to a healthier atmosphere, and satisfy herself whether her father had spoken the truth. It was possible that Mr Cornellis, in all things false, had deceived her in this particular also. So she went out at the garden gate and along the seawall. This was her shortest way, and it suited her best. She did not wish to be seen in the road; she thought that every one she passed would look reproachfully at her. She could not endure to encounter their eyes. She went along the wall to the sandy path that led from the village to the shore, then by the moat to the bridge, and over the bridge into the garden. All was there as if nothing had occurred. The beds were in beautiful order; the vine on the roof showed a hundred little bunches of swelling berries. This year, no little children would sit upon the stages of the ladder, looking for the purple fruit their father would pass down to them. She had spoiled that pleasure for them. There was the slope with the bed of thyme and marjoram and mint, where the little ones sat in the sun, and baby Bessie went to sleep

with fragrant herbs crushed in her little hands. She had spoiled that pleasure for them likewise. The scarlet-runners that Richard had staked were in bloom, in scarlet, and there were no little eyes to admire the lovely flowers.

She went to the house and tried the door. It was fast. But she knew how that there was a loose pane in the scullery window beside the back door, which could be removed, and the hand thrust in and the bolt drawn back. Cable had told her of this contrivance, by means of which he could enter his house at all times without disturbing the inmates. She removed the pane, and easily unfastened the door. Then she entered. The house was deserted, and almost wholly cleared of its contents; but it was unlike most abandoned dwellings, for it had been cleaned and tidied before it was left. The few things that remained, hardly worth removal, had been placed in order. There was a plain solid deal table in the centre of the kitchen that had not been removed. Against the wall, in the corner, was the cradle, reversed, the rockers upwards. 'How like Richard,' thought Josephine. 'He has turned the little crib over, that the dust may not fall into it.'

He had not taken the cradle away. Bessie was grown almost too big for a cradle, and he would never have another baby. A slight quiver passed from Josephine's heart to her finger-ends.

The brick floor had been swept, the hearth tidied, the cinders were brushed into a little heap. Something white showed among them. Josephine knelt on the dead hearth, put her hand to the ashes, and extracted some scraps of card. They were her mounted cabinet photograph, torn twice across, downwards and sideways, with a firm hand. So had Richard taken the thought, the memory of Josephine, out of his heart and cast it from him for ever. A pang shot through the breast of Josephine, as though his hand were on her heart and were tearing it twice across, downwards and laterally. She threw the scraps of the despised portrait on the ground, then stooped and picked them up. 'He would not wish any scraps—even these—to litter about,' and she replaced them among the cinders.

There was no resentment in her bosom now: all her wrath against Richard had died away; her sense of wrong was swallowed up in the thought of the great injustice done to him.

She wondered whether she could find anywhere in the house a photograph of himself. She had never seen one. He was too modest to think of being taken; but it was not improbable that his mother had insisted on his being photographed when he was younger, and there was a chance, a poor chance, of a copy being left behind. She ascended the staircase and looked about the bedrooms. There were nails in the walls where little looking-glasses and pictures and texts had hung; but there were no photographs; nothing left but the nails, and one illuminated text, 'When all these things come upon you—then LOOK UP.'

The bedrooms were quite empty; the floor had been recently washed, and had not a foot-mark on it. The blinds had been removed from the windows. The rooms looked utterly forlorn. She came sadly down-stairs again.

In a corner of the kitchen was a shelf with drawers let into the wall—a fixture, therefore not removed. On the shelf was a bundle of old clothes of the children, neatly pinned together—rags, no longer fit for wear by them; and in the drawers was a small straw hat, tied up in Richard's blue pocket-handkerchief—that handkerchief at which she had sneered. The little hat had perhaps been forgotten; perhaps it was not wanted, and Richard had left purposely the handkerchief, which would remind him of one of his wife's sarcasms. She unknotted the ends of the kerchief and took it in her hand.

From the ceiling in the kitchen, depending from a crook, hung a fresh bunch of everlasting, pink-and-white flowers of that summer, not yet dried—hung head downwards, that they might dry expanded. Then Josephine's heart swelled up, and she choked. Hastily she drew the inverted cradle from the wall and put it near the table, under the tuft of fading everlastings, and sat down on the cradle, between the rockers, and put her face into her hands and wept. It was as though the spirit of Richard Cable rose before her out of the cold ashes on the hearth, from among the torn fragments of her own likeness—not the spirit of the wounded, angry, unforgiving, despairing man, as she had last seen him, but as of old, gentle, humble, full of divine trust and love.

She cried long; her own little white handkerchief was soaked, and she wept tears of bitter self-reproach into the great blue dishcloth she had so scorned; and when the fountain of her tears dried, then she held the kerchief to her aching heart, and presently again buried her face in it. There was naught ridiculous to her now in the blue handkerchief with its white spots.

HOW MISERS LIVE.

MAN is, and always has been, a very curious compound. Some men seem born to spend, others to conserve. This has been the state of matters from the beginning, and the causes originate in the mind of man himself; he is their father; his affections and will are the faculties which become the obedient instruments of the nature we call thriftless or sordid.

The nature of the spendthrift is easily understood—at least so it is said; there is so much of simplicity and of recklessness in it, that we generally identify a spendthrift with a good-natured fellow. The miser, on the other hand, is an enigma and a mystery. He is one of the anomalies and absurdities of nature. Dickens with his pen and Angelo with his brush have portrayed to our minds their ideal miser. Money is his sole aim; the man within him and the world of humanity around him are but as dust and rubbish compared with his golden pieces; for the miser seldom takes paper in lieu of hard cash.

But we must not despise the miser indiscriminately; let us rather attempt to lift some of them at least from the degraded position they have always occupied in the public mind. It may

never have occurred to our readers that the desire to be philanthropic has induced some men to become misers. Nevertheless, this is the case, although we may not have had frequent opportunity of verifying this experience. Thus, when Bethlehem Hospital, London, was built, a wretched miser of the East End gave a subscription of one hundred pounds. When the collectors called at his residence, they found him scolding a servant for throwing away a match which had not been burned at both ends. To him, the waste of this match was a worse blow than the giving away of such a large sum. Gurgot of Marseilles was another confirmed miser; every one in the city knew him, and it is not exaggeration to say every one hated him for his sordidness. Yet, we know from his will that he scraped together ten thousand pounds in order to furnish the poor of his native town with a good and cheap water-supply.

Every class of the community supplies subjects for the miser list. This at first sight appears strange. Suppose we take the nobility and clergy—classes which we would fancy should be free of such sordidness; and we find that even amongst these the malady is very rampant; indeed, the nobility have supplied, and do supply, most of the miser tribe. There have been few soldiers like the first Duke of Marlborough, and yet he was a very sordid individual. To save a sixpence for carriage hire, he would walk, when an old man, from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel, in all kinds of weather. He died worth one million sterling, which he left to his grandson, Lord Trevor, his bitterest enemy.

There seems to be a certain irony of fate in the miser's pains to collect money, for generally the produce of his mean and sparing living falls into the hands either of thriftless sons or bitter foes. In spite of the knowledge of this, the poor miser grasps and gathers together all he can lay hands upon, thus adding day by day to his physical and moral ruin. The life of Vandille more than justifies this statement. This man's food consisted of bread and milk, with the addition of a glass of sour wine on a Saturday; his religious mite was one farthing per week, and at his death he left eight hundred thousand pounds to the kings of France.

One redeeming feature of the miser's character is that he generally suffers the effect of his sins himself. He does not punish others. One exception to this rule is the life of Audley, who flourished in England during the Commonwealth. This miser started life with two hundred pounds, which sum he lent out to the sons of cavaliers and to clerks at a high rate of interest. His whole life was one of cunning and disreputable craft, and by such means he accumulated four hundred thousand pounds, which, however, reverted to the government.

The keen and earnest craving for money does not belong to individuals only; it has often been characteristic in the life of nations. The South Sea Bubble in our own country showed what

thousands would do in the worship of mammon. But the tulip mania of Holland in 1634 surpasses every other illustration we are able to cite. Such was the rage for tulips that they rose to enormous prices. To possess tulips was to be rich. One of these flowers, named the Admiral Liefken, was worth at market value four thousand four hundred florins; and the *Semper Augustus* brought five thousand five hundred florins. If another mania should arise, would not there be found thousands of men and women thronging to swell the sordid contingent? Such incidents as these in the life of a nation show that running through the whole of society there is an undercurrent of sordidness, which becomes direct and strong when once the floodgates of public opinion open their folding leaves. There may be a difference in degree between the confirmed miser and those men who delude and are deluded by tempting baits, but the cases are of the same kind.

The miser is very often unconscious of his meanness, and even rejoices when he sees any other man display the same quality. The biography of Dicheus Dicheus shows this conclusively. This person was a descendant of the Byzantine monarchs; but their spirit of lavishness was in no way inherited by him, for during his lifetime he managed by niggardliness to raise the value of his possessions to many thousands of pounds. The great question of his life was, to whom should he leave his money? This problem was solved for him by means of a rather curious incident. A distant relative of his sent him a letter written on an inch of paper. This was enough; the miser seemed to see in his absent friend a fitness which fully warranted him in making this apparently thrifty person his heir.

The habits of the miser are peculiar in the extreme. The Rev. Mr Jones of Blewbury may serve us for a pattern. With a stipend of fifty pounds per annum, and blessed with a fortune amounting to two hundred pounds, he left at his death the sum of ten thousand pounds. For forty years he was rector of Blewbury, and during that long period only one person was known to have sat at his festal board. He never had a fire lit in his house, and as for servants, the very thought of them was enough. During winter nights, he used to go to the houses of his parishioners in order to keep himself from starving of cold, rather than light a fire at the rectory.

When the miser dies, his possessions are often found in the most out-of-the-way corners. Mr and Miss Dancer are reputed to have been the most noted misers of the eighteenth century. To tell all their habits would be interesting, but rather tedious; let the manner in which they kept their money suffice. Their fortune amounted to twenty thousand pounds, which sum was stored away thus: two thousand five hundred was found under a dunghill; five hundred in an old jacket nailed to the manger of their stable; notes amounting to six hundred pounds were stowed away in an old teapot; and many old jugs filled with gold and silver were hidden away in the stable loft. The chimney yielded two thousand pounds. In this dirty place there were nineteen holes, each of which held a sum of money.

There is without doubt a very complex nature

in the man or woman thus addicted to grasping; but the facts and phenomena are so varied that it is difficult to place them under any fixed principle.

CHECKMATED.

CHAPTER IV.

DAVID's strange visitor had not been gone many minutes, when a knock at the door announced the return of his daughters; and presently, Josie and Minnie entered, all full of pleasant excitement and merry innocent talk, with satire from the younger—a contrast positively awful to the interview and conversation he had just held. His daughters, however, were not likely to notice his embarrassment; there was so much to be said and thought in reference to Geoffrey's return. The friendly neighbour's utterances, too, were quoted, especially with regard to one point on which Minnie took great delight in dwelling.

'And so, father,' continued Minnie, 'Mrs Harper said: "It is quite plain that Josie has two strings to her bow." So she has, and she is fretting all day long because she does not know which to choose.'

'Minnie!' exclaimed the elder sister, in a tone of dignified reproof, calculated to repress all such levity, but which somehow missed its mark upon the present occasion.

'Why, you know, father,' persisted Minnie, 'we half promised to dine with Mr Gadham at the *Grand Rosary*, and then afterwards to go to the theatre. Perhaps this will come off on the very day that Geoffrey arrives. I tell her she ought to make up her mind at once. Don't you think so, father?'

'It was the 20th; I recollect it perfectly!' exclaimed David, who had been forcing himself to pay a little outward attention to his daughter's talk, but whose mind had been busy with his own painful recollections, until a ray of remembrance had enabled him to verify the statement of his visitor. 'I beg your pardon, my dear,' he continued; 'I was thinking of something else. You said you were going to dine with Geoffrey, I think?'

This produced a laugh from each of the girls; then Minnie had to explain what she did say, and again appealed to her father for his opinion. Josie, although she rebuked her sister for such giddiness, was evidently flattered at being supposed to occupy such an enviable position, and while probably as true and as much attached to Geoffrey as any sweetheart could wish, yet could not help a longing glance or two at the brilliant position waiting her acceptance.

There was, the reader may be sure, a great deal more of this conversation, poor David being in agony while it lasted, and finally making his escape under a plea of headache and a desire to smoke his pipe in the open air.

His meditations, as he slowly paced to and fro in the quiet street, were no less bitter; even the chatter of his girls had helped to open his eyes more fully to the horror—it was nothing less to him—of his position. What did Ernest Gadham mean by his advances to his daughter and his intimated offer of marriage? It was impossible for David to decide which would now

be the most repellent, whether to find the man in earnest, or merely playing a part. Above all, what was he to do? That he would not remain a tacit partner in the conspiracy, was certain; but it was not so easy to decide upon the best way of going to work. He might go straight to the firm and expose the plot. Much as he disliked the new people, David was quite capable of acting justly by them; or, perhaps it would be best to go in the first place to Ernest and tell him and his lawyer of the discovery he had made. His last resolve, as he entered his house after a long saunter, was to do both these things next day. He should have some trouble about the borrowed money—he felt certain of that, but perhaps the firm would help him. 'And if not,' thought David stoutly, 'I would rather have the brokers in and be sold up, than go on with such people.'

The first post next morning brought old David a letter. He did not know the handwriting; but the address was written in a clear, legible, nay beautiful hand, such as he had seldom seen. He opened it. A glance at the signature was enough; he felt as though he was holding some reptile in his hand. The letter was signed, 'Andrew Whitman (Fly Scotty).' It was addressed inside to

Mr

David Chester.

And underneath was written: 'What do you think of *that* for an imitation? I never forget a name on which I have once worked.' And the imitation was indeed perfect. Even in the shock of seeing how fully the convict was borne out in his story, David could not help admiring his skill. He was sure that he would have sworn to this also as being his own writing.

'I forgot to mention last night a little fact which will help us'—the letter went on ('Us!') The mere reading of this word communicated a fresh shudder to David—'and I think when I tell you what it is, you will agree with me that we had better begin with Tom Ellitt. I have heard, and am satisfied it is the correct tip, that Gadham is to marry Ellitt's sister. If so, it is plain that this is a part of the bargain. Of course, if you know this, you can work Ellitt easily enough; he will not lose such a chance for a trifle. They may wonder how you got your information; you can tell them it was from me, if you like. I shall take care never to go near them again, so they may do their worst; and I know I can trust you in the money matter.'

The hail-fellow style of this epistle, the palpable confidence the writer felt in Chester's willingness to become his accomplice—these were enough at once to sicken the clerk and yet strengthen his resolve.

To do Mr Andrew Whitman justice, it must be owned that he had not the faintest idea of any wrong-doing being involved in the 'besting' those who were themselves dishonest and willing to 'best' him. Nor did he conceive for a moment that any man of business, especially when possessed of what Mr Whitman so sorely lacked, a good character, could hesitate to join him.

David looked pale and haggard from worry and sleeplessness; but his step was firm enough as he went towards the solicitor's office. Without

any regard to the counsel of Andrew, he had determined on commencing there. He was fortunate in his choice of time, for not only was Mr Ellitt within, but Mr Gadham was with him. The clerk who announced the visitor was told to show him in at once.

The two principals exchanged a meaning glance and smile on hearing the name. 'I told you so,' said Gadham in a low tone; 'I knew he could not resist the temptation; and here he is—prepared to recollect everything and to swear to anything.'

Ellitt laughed at this sally; and then David was shown in.

'Good-morning, Mr Chester,' began the solicitor. 'You asked to see me, I believe; but I thought you would not mind Mr Gadham being present, as he happened to be here.'

'On the contrary, I am glad to see him; it will save me some trouble, as my business is with you both.' He was obliged to moisten his lips with his tongue as he spoke, they were so dry and hard.

'You are not looking very well this morning,' said the lawyer. 'The weather, I suppose, is affecting you, like the rest of us?'

'No, sir,' returned David; 'if I look ill, it is from a more serious cause than the weather.' He not only spoke more firmly now, but there was something in his tone which instantly attracted the attention of the two men who confronted him, both of them crafty and suspicious to a degree.

'Ah! Then what is it, Chester? Speak out!' exclaimed Gadham.

'I mean to do so; I am here to do it. You are trying to pass off a fictitious will as that of the late Mr Gadham, and to aid your schemes, have forged my signature. I disown that signature, and insist upon its being cancelled—at once.'

Ellitt, after a glance at his confederate, bent a searching look on David, but did not speak. Ernest Gadham turned pale, and uttered a low whistle.

'Are you tipsy?' he asked, with an assumption of insolent swagger; there was no reality in it. 'If so, you had better go home and sleep it off, before you intrude upon two gentlemen who have business to attend to.'

'I am not tipsy, and I can see you know I am not,' retorted Chester. 'It will be better to avoid insult, and to understand, once for all, that I know your will is a fraud, and that you have deceived me.'

'Why, you scoundrel!' cried Gadham, who had plainly made up his mind to take a hectoring line, 'have you the assurance to come here and tell us that you have committed perjury?—and I can promise you penal servitude for it—have stuck to it as long as it suited you; and now, some one else having got hold of you, I suppose, who you think will pay you better, you are willing to try a little false swearing on the other side. Is that it?'

'I tell you,' replied David, in whose cheeks a little colour now appeared, as he smarted under these insults, 'that I can see you know better. Since you deal with me in this manner, I leave you to do your best and worst.'

'Our worst, you may be sure of it, will be sending you to the Old Bailey, and that will

be our answer to your first move,' said Gadham. 'Be off!—and move in the matter if you dare!'

'Stay!' exclaimed Ellitt, as David moved from his seat, the lawyer laying his hand at the same time on Gadham's arm, as a warning to him to be silent for the moment. 'This is not a chance shot. This man has not hit upon this means of blackmailing us from his own ingenuity. He has seen Andy Whitman. I am perfectly sure of it. I knew the villain would be up to some treachery, and now we have it.—I do not suppose you will own it, Mr Chester, but I am satisfied you have been in communication with one Andrew Whitman.'

'I have no wish to deny it. I have seen the person you mention, and from him have learned what I have just told you. Had I suspected it earlier, you would have seen me here earlier.'

'You are probably not aware, Mr Chester,' said the lawyer, speaking in a calm tone, yet with an air of superiority, as a person might speak who felt something like contempt at being compelled to discuss a subject so palpably trivial and absurd, 'that this person is a ticket-of-leave man, and, moreover, one who is sought by the police; that he is a man who has lived for years by every kind of fraud; a man whose oath would be of no value in a court of justice, and who is willing, as in the present case, to turn against those who have been his best friends.'

'I saw and heard enough in my only interview with this man,' returned the clerk, 'to convince me that I could have no intimacy with him; but if his account is true—and I have reason to think it is—you are the last persons in the world who should object to his character.'

'Then what are we to infer from your visit of this morning?' pursued the lawyer. 'Do you mean to repudiate your signature—to which, I must remind you, you have sworn—and, further, to declare the will a spurious one?'

'I do,' said David firmly.

'It will be a serious thing'—began Ellitt; but Gadham interrupted him.

'You may finesse and beat about the bush for a week with such a man as this,' said Mr Ernest; 'I have seen enough of him to know better. I will go straight to the point.—Now, look here, Chester; we are just about to settle with the firm, and so our promises will be as good as ready-money. If you go straight with us, doing nothing, in point of fact, you shall have a thousand pounds in hard cash in your pocket before the week is out. That is the one side. On the other, I give you my word I will sell you up for what you owe me. I have taken the precaution to obtain a writ against you in case of need; here it is; and you shall stand in the dock at a police court on a charge of perjury and conspiracy, if you do go on.—Do not answer now, but take yourself off, and think about it. Come here the day after to-morrow—no, the following day; call about this time, with your final answer. That is all we need say.'

'And remember, if you act fairly by us'—began the lawyer; but Gadham again interrupted him.

'No, Tom,' he said; 'I mean to manage this in my own way. He knows we shall be liberal. I think he also understands that we can hit hard, and mean to do it.—Good-morning, Chester.'

On this, David, who had looked very serious during these harangues, left the office, not having said anything to confirm the appointment made, although the others no doubt considered he had tacitly agreed to it.

'Let him do what he likes,' said Gadham as the clerk went out. 'The firm will settle to-morrow, thanks to my agreeing to halve the estate; and when once we have the cash in hand, we can laugh at the old fool.'

'It will be as well to keep him on the right side even then,' said Ellitt gravely. 'It may suit you to leave the country, but I do not wish to do so. Besides'—

'Oh, I know what you are going to say,' exclaimed Gadham. 'I will marry your sister the day after the settlement, so that need not trouble us.—As for Chester, he won't know anything of our arrangements. I can tell him we have altered our minds, and are not going on with the business. We may give him his signature back, for the new will must be destroyed, I expect. Anything will do when once we have the money.'

Mr Ellitt's countenance hardly expressed so much confidence as his coadjutor appeared to feel; nevertheless, as it was plain that nothing better might be done, he raised no argument.

Dejected as David had appeared on leaving the conference, his mind was in no degree shaken, although the prospect of a criminal prosecution—and he fully believed in the power of the two men to subject him to this—had more terrors to one of his timid, nervous temperament than to most men; but David, with all his faults and shortcomings, was an honourable old fellow. So he went straight from Mr Ellitt's office to that of Brisby, Gadham, & Co., where he had thought never to set foot again. His dislike to the firm was so great, and his sense of the injustice he had suffered at their hands was so keen, that no stronger testimony to his honesty could be adduced than his overcoming these feelings when he felt it was his duty to do so.

He saw his old friend the head-clerk, whose face assumed a lugubrious expression on recognising David, and who shook his head sadly ere his visitor began his speech. When he found that David wished for an interview on urgent business with Mr Gadham, his astonishment expressed itself in a low but unmistakable whistle.

'I am sure I do not know what to say about it,' he said; 'however, he is in his office, and I will take your message in myself; it may give you a better chance.'

So the kindly head-clerk disappeared; but returned in a minute with permission for David to enter the private office, a permission of which the latter at once availed himself.

'I hope,' muttered the head-clerk as the door closed behind the visitor, 'that he will mind what he says, for I never knew the governor in a worse temper than to-day.' This augured badly for the caller, but luckily he did not hear the comment.

The beginning of the interview was in keeping with the head-clerk's forebodings. 'Well?' said Mr Gadham, looking up from his letters with no very pleasant expression on his features. 'I

thought I had given you a sufficient answer, Chester; but it seems you have something to say to me again. What is it?'

'I am here on your business rather than my own. I am not biased by the treatment I have met with here, or I should not be in your office this morning. My visit has reference to the will of Mr Peter Gadham.'

His listener was evidently startled by this commencement, and in a moment was all attention—attention which did not diminish as his visitor went on with his story.

We need not follow this in detail, for the reader knows what David had to tell. As might have been expected, the recital made a great impression on his listener, who uttered an occasional ejaculation of wonder or indignation.

When David had finished, the merchant said: 'Of course you are prepared to adhere to this statement, Mr Chester. If so, I think I may promise to see you harmless, despite all Ernest Gadham's threats, joined to all his lawyer can do. You are in time, but only just in time, with your communication. Do not trouble yourself about the money you owe these men; I will see to that. You must be here to-morrow morning at twelve—no, a quarter to twelve. I have an interview with these people for that time, when I was to buy them off; but I need not enter upon such an explanation to you. You understand what I want of you?'

'Yes, sir,' said David. 'But you remember that I have an appointment with Mr Ellitt and Mr Gadham on the third day from this. If I meet them'—

'Oh, do not concern yourself with that appointment!' interposed the other impatiently; 'you will find that will shift for itself after to-morrow. If you are, as I firmly believe you to be, a truthful and honest man, you will and must be here to-morrow. Have I your promise?'

'You have, sir,' said David.

Mr Gadham continued: 'Then you had better leave by my private door, as I do not care about your being asked any questions relative to this interview.—Be firm, and fear no one.'

The merchant let David out, as he had said; and the expectant head-clerk, with one or two to whom he had spoken on the subject, were balked of a most interesting gossip, their wonder rising to a high pitch when it became plain that Mr Gadham must actually himself have let the clerk out by his private door, a thing scarce ever heard of.

In spite of the merchant's adjuration to keep up his courage and fear nobody, David was dispirited enough as he went homewards. It was not so easy as Mr Gadham seemed to suppose for him to throw off the dread of a criminal prosecution. He believed—partly from his old recollections of Ernest, and partly from recent revelations—that the two accomplices were capable of endeavouring, by any wickedness, to avenge themselves upon him, and although he might be acquitted, the ordeal would be terrible. Tired in body as well as in mind, he treated himself to a ride on an omnibus, and mounting outside, succeeded in securing the last and only spare seat on the crowded roof. Ere the vehicle had travelled any great distance, it stopped in order to allow a passenger to alight, and this

passenger, in reaching the rear, had to pass David. He was a weather-beaten, broad-shouldered fellow, and as the clerk looked at him, there was something, or so he fancied, unaccountably familiar in the man's face.

Their eyes met, and for a moment there came such an expression over the features of the stranger, that David actually fancied he was about to speak. Nothing came of it, however; the passenger descended the steps, and David watched until he was lost in the crowd of wayfarers who thronged that busy part.

David had been sitting alone for some time in the evening, trying to banish thought, but incessantly picturing all kinds of disagreeable incidents, when suddenly the sound of voices and laughter was heard outside. Then came footsteps crossing his little garden; his daughters' voices were there, but there was another, a man's voice. David hurried to answer the knock; everything, even these cheerful sounds, filled him with trepidation; but as he opened the door, a man sprang forward, seized him by the hand, and the friendly voice of Geoffrey Coyne exclaimed: 'Here I am again, Mr Chester, home, safe and sound, in Old England once more!'

'I am glad to see you, my boy—never more glad to see a true friend than now.'

'Yes; and the beauty of it is that there is no going to sea again for me,' continued Coyne. 'I have made something like a fortune, Mr Chester, and you do not catch me doing the gallant jack-tar any more.'

A WEEK WITH THE CORNISH FISHERFOLK.

THERE can be no greater relief and pleasure to persons of sedentary habits, weary of the dust and clamour of busy town-life, than to get away from the scenes and associations of their ordinary occupations. Following in the track of a young artist-friend in search of the picturesque, we found ourselves, after a somewhat tedious journey, snugly ensconced in a comfortable sitting-room at St Ives, an artist-haunted spot, perched on a rocky promontory some miles north-east of Land's End. The ancient little town is unique in the beauty of its situation and surroundings; and on a fine day—and all the days were fine—when the quaint gray houses are shimmering in the pure sunlight, and the silver and green of the sea lap the many-hued rocks and creamy yellow sands, it is especially charming. Standing on the 'island' by the little fortress of Pendinnas, one sees to the right, point beyond point, the bold headlands of the Cornish coast. Before us is the broad Atlantic, its now peaceful bosom flecked with white or brown sailed fishing-boats; and to the left, or south-west, are the precipitous cliffs that terminate in Tol-Pedn (the holed cliff) and Land's End. St Ives itself is full of surprises, and abounds in the groupings and incidents which artists most admire. Narrow, steep, and tortuous streets, with flights of stone steps on either side; quaint gabled porches; mysterious-looking cellars filled with huge casks and hogsheds; gray-green shingled roofs with corners played to offer the least resistance to the wild

west winds; swarthy fishermen with loads of tanned nets on their broad shoulders; tidy fishwives with jean bonnets flapping in the breeze; and groups of barefooted children; while every glimpse adown the straitened ways has for a background a vignette of sunlit sea. There are no architectural pretensions, no stucco, no gardens even, here in the old town—simply a mass of picturesque confusion, each little domicile seemingly anxious only to secure a lodgment on the rock, with just a peep of the bay from the open door or latticed window.

But more charming still is the little town and harbour 'tween the lights,' when the sun has gone down behind the purple moorlands. Then the fleet of fishing-boats, with taper masts cutting the sky-line, sway gently with the tide, like a bevy of ancient dames in a stately dance, while the harbour-lights dip down into the deep blue like moorings of golden chains. Middle August is the least busy season, as upwards of six hundred of the fishermen are away in the North Sea or along the Irish coast drift-fishing for herring. Nevertheless, morning after morning, except Sunday and Monday—not a keel moves on the Sunday—the little quay, constructed by the famous Smeaton, is covered with glittering spoil, laid out in rows to await the fall of the hammer, and be forthwith despatched to London, Bristol, and the great towns of the Midlands and north of England.

There are mostly a few boats employed in the drift-net fishing for pilchard; but the greater number are engaged in tackle-fishing for conger, cod, ling, skate, ray, &c. Judging from the size of the monsters captured sometimes, this line-fishing must be laborious work. The conger is not an easy creature to handle; it has a way of coiling itself round anything near, and it finds frequently the legs of its captor are most convenient; its grip is so tenacious, that the head may be entirely severed from the body before its hold is relaxed. It will even hold on to a knife in this way. A visitor standing by at a sale noticed one twitching slightly while lying on the quay, and foolishly touched its head with his foot, when the creature's mouth suddenly opened and seized it. He assured me that the recovery of his foot was a difficult, painful, and eventually a bootless task. On another occasion, a practical joker induced a black retriever to wag its tail in close proximity to a conger's mouth. The appendage was promptly seized, and the horrified dog scampered through the streets yelling piteously as the huge eel held on firmly behind. At this season, the conger finds the readiest sale, lots of forty to fifty, averaging a score pounds-weight each fish, selling for forty to fifty shillings. Skate are mostly consigned to Paris, where they are used extensively as food by the poor, and also at the restaurants to thicken soup. It is asserted by some, by the way, that both conger and skate are used extensively in the manufacture of 'turtle' soup. Of skate, we saw half a ton, fresh caught, sold for seven shillings. It must be remembered, however, that the small price would be increased tenfold ere it arrived at London, by carriage and salesmen's charges. Of the dogfish—apparently a species of shark—which follows the shoals of herring and pilchard, lots of forty or more, averaging eight to ten pounds-weight a fish, sold for half-a-crown. These are purchased by the poorest inhabitants, opened, salted, and

dried for winter provision. The ray, however, another species of flat-fish, is most commonly used as food by the fishermen's families. The visitor will note how frequently it hangs on the fronts of the cottages; it is always removed, however, during the hours of Sunday. A ray of six pounds may usually be purchased for three-halfpence or two-pence. It is this seemingly inexhaustible and never-failing supply of 'bread' from the waters, cheap vegetables, and a mild climate, which render it possible for the poorest to live. Of fish, besides the foregoing, ling, cod, gurnet, and tub were most plentiful. The last-named is of a brilliant orange red.

The Cornish fishermen are a splendid race; sober, industrious, and God-fearing. The Sunday is invariably kept with decorum and solemnity, and their huge barn-like chapels are crowded. During my week's sojourn among them, I neither saw a tipsy person nor heard an oath. There is no 'larking,' no horseplay, no music-hall songs. The whole nature of the people seems to be chastened and subdued by their uncertain, hazardous, and laborious calling, and the ever-abiding presence of the great wide sea. For hours and hours they will stand in little groups on the quay or beach, talking gravely, in undertones; or gazing intently on the scene before them, speculating on the various craft that glide past as in the silence of a dream.

It is an interesting spectacle when the boats arrive in the morning after the night's tackle-fishing. Each boat is pulled quietly in, and put in place, without noise, hurry, or confusion, by the quay-side. There is no swearing or angry chiding; all is done earnestly and quickly, with a sober dignity of manner, and without the least affectation or seeming consciousness of being scrutinised by the groups of visitors, artistic or otherwise. The whole scene is a succession of charming marine pictures, every incident and figure in which is harmonious and true. In the spring mackerel season, when the great glittering heaps of fresh-caught fish are flashing with iridescent colours—silver and ultramarine, lake and purple and emerald green—the quay is busiest.

A few years ago, however, the principal branch of the industry was the pilchard-fishery, carried on by means of huge nets called seines, several hundred yards in length. The pilchard, or, as it is sometimes called, the gipsy-herring, is a fish differing but slightly from a small herring. For years it used to appear off the Cornish coast with great regularity in such incredible numbers that the shoals covered sometimes many acres in extent. There was a take last autumn; but in the previous year, none were caught. The pilchards usually appear about the end of September or beginning of October; but owing to some cause, at present not clearly ascertained, the pilchard-fishery is almost a failure. Some of the natives ascribe it to the disturbance caused by steam-trawling. The St Ives fishing seasons are the winter mackerel season, the spring mackerel and the pilchard season, the last-mentioned commencing in September and ending in December. These are the principal seasons, though fishing to some extent goes on all the year. Last year, as we said, there was a small take of pilchards; the year before, none were caught with the seine. The year before that, one seine was fortunate,

and brought to its owners and crew over four thousand hogsheads, worth about eleven thousand pounds. There are several Companies, each owning a seine; but latterly, by mutual agreement, only one has been out. As many as six thousand hogsheads have been taken by a single seine in the more prosperous times of the fishery.

We will describe the scene as witnessed from the little huer's hut by Pothminster Head, just beyond the town, though the immediate neighbourhood has been modernised, and therefore deprived to a great extent of its picturesque surroundings. There was a narrow path by the edge of the cliff, margined with cushions and thickets of gorse and heath and bracken. An old tarred boat, keel upwards, serves for shelter, and also as a receptacle for necessary gear, among which, hanging on the whitewashed walls, are the huge speaking-trumpets called into requisition by the 'huer,' or watcher—so called from the French *huer*, to shout. The huer is a stalwart man of sixty. His face is wrinkled and weatherworn; but his light-gray eye is as keen and searching as ever. For weeks he has paced that narrow path day by day, until well-nigh sick with the hope deferred. Below, to the left, on the sandy beach, there is a fleet of boats high and dry. A few fishermen lounge about, some watching by the low seawall; others are asleep. Two hundred yards out is a larger boat, manned by nine hands. There is a high square heap, covered with tarpaulin, in the front of it: this is the big seine, and the men are the seiners, who are paid so much a day, with a promised share in the take. Behind it is a smaller boat with two hands; this carries a second seine, to be attached, if need be, to the larger one. The huer paces the narrow path, pausing now and then on his beat to scan the wide surface of the rippling sea. He hesitates a moment, and passes on; then turns again, and shields his eyes with the brown wrinkled hands. One long earnest look, and he rubs his eyes and hitches his trousers with quick, nervous action. At last, his doubts are dispelled. Three miles away, by Godrevy lighthouse, there is a reddish purple streak like a sunken granite reef; and hovering over it, with discordant cries and flutter of white wings, a host of seabirds. The huer runs to his hut and takes from a nail one of the long speaking-trumpets through which he gives the summons to prepare. Was never call more welcome! The sleepers below are awakened as by an electric shock, and rush to their boats; the seiners bend to the oars, watching meantime, as they pull, the lonely huer. 'Heva! Heva!' resounds through the narrow streets of the little town; and with wild shrill cries of excited women and children, and hoarse shouts of men, the crowds throng to the beach. 'Heva! Heva!' is the cry of the people.

'What has happened?' asks the visitor, astonished, and somewhat alarmed. 'Is it fire? a wreck?'

'Heva! Heva!' is the only answer; and he also hurries to the cliff, but is warned away from the huer. Yes, there the latter stands, the observed of all observers, swaying in either hand a bush, cut from the neighbouring gorse or heather. The pale faces of an eager crowd are watching him from below; but the cries and shouting are hushed. Nothing is heard now but the measured

pulsings of the tide, and the mingled cries and clamour of the cloud of white-winged birds, as they momentarily dash into the sea and bear away their glittering prey. The pilchard army heads for the bay; the red streak lengthens and widens; and as the huge school comes closer in, one may hear the rush as of a mighty wind, and see the ripples caused by millions of fins.

Meantime, the great seine has been shot; the 'folyer' attaches the second seine; the 'blowers' make fast the ropes ashore; and the pent-up feelings of the excited crowd on the cliff and beach break forth into one long loud cry of delight; for with them, too, their 'bread is on the waters.' Then commences the operation of 'tucking'—that is, putting a deeper net within the seine, thus entirely surrounding the shoal beneath and around. As the seine is now close inshore, the pilchards can be taken out at leisure. Baskets, buckets, or any convenient receptacles, are utilised for the purpose of lading out the fish into the boats; and women and children are all employed in cleaning, salting, and stowing away the fish in bulk in the cellars. On the occasion we have attempted to describe, when six thousand hogsheads were secured in one seine, the fish were valued at eighteen thousand pounds; and reckoning the number of pilchards in a hogshead at two thousand five hundred, we have the astounding total of fifteen million fish! A simple computation will show that to count this number at the rate of five a second would take a person very nearly seventy days of twelve hours each. Pilchards, for which there seems to be no sale in England except when fresh, are shipped to various Mediterranean ports, Italy being the largest customer.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

ABOUT nine miles south of Edinburgh, on the main road to Peebles, and under the shadow of the Pentland Hills, stands the village of Penicuik, for the most part built on the high ground overlooking and sloping down to the valley of the North Esk. Passing through the village and down the slope leading to the bridge that spans the Esk and continues the road, we turn sharply to the left just at the bridge; and a short distance below are the extensive paper-mills of Messrs Alexander Cowan and Sons, called the Valleyfield paper-mills. In the early part of the century, Valleyfield mills were sold to the government for the purpose of being used as a depot for the reception of French prisoners, the large number of whom, taken in the Peninsular and other wars, necessitating extra provision being made for their accommodation in various parts of the kingdom. And here we may remark, although it will be readily understood, that the mills have undergone very extensive alterations and additions since they were repurchased from the government and again turned to their original purpose; but certain portions of them are still very much in the same condition as they were when occupied as a military prison. These portions are still pointed out to the visitor, as is also the spot in which those who died during their captivity were buried.

'Did many deaths occur among them?' we asked, on the occasion of a visit to the place.

'Yes; several hundreds; and there is a monument erected to their memory, recording the fact, within the grounds of Valleyfield House.—For many years,' went on our informant, 'a respectably dressed stranger used to pay it a visit once a year, always on a certain day, and generally early in the forenoon. Bringing his luncheon with him, he spent the day sitting beside the monument in silence. As evening drew on, he would take a parting look around, and then slowly disappear. Who he was, or why he came, no one knew.'

'And does he still come?' we eagerly asked, touched by this remarkable proof of a love stronger than death.

'No,' replied our guide. 'For some eight or nine years he has not appeared here, and the conclusion is that he has joined those whose memory he so fondly cherished while here.'

After listening to this simple but touching incident, we expressed a wish to see the monument, a wish that was cheerfully complied with. When it became apparent that we were deeply interested in this tribute of respect to those who died strangers in a strange land, and, by the force of circumstances, enemies to those among whom they died, much additional information was given us respecting it.

It was meet that those deprived of the last offices of friendship by the exigencies of war should not be allowed to lie unknown and unnoticed in a foreign land. And yet, how often has this been the case. It was not so here, however; for loving hearts, moved by the promptings of a sympathy which makes all the world kin, have given expression to their feelings in a manner as honouring to them as to those whose memory they intended to perpetuate. The thought recurred to us again and again: What brought this stranger year after year to revisit this spot? Was he a son mourning for the loss of a father, a brother for the companion of his childhood, or a comrade for one whose soul had become knit to his as Jonathan's to David? It must have been no ordinary influence that, magnet-like, drew him hither year after year as long as life and strength remained.

Standing before the memorial itself, we felt our interest in no way diminished by the great taste and tenderness displayed in the inscriptions. On the side facing the burial-place of the prisoners is an inscription in English to the effect that it was erected in 1830, to the memory of three hundred and nine prisoners of war who died between the years 1811 and 1814—an extraordinarily high death-rate. Underneath this is a quotation from the Italian poet Zannazarius, in which are embodied two beautiful thoughts, singularly appropriate to those who sleep below far from their native land, and of which the following is an almost literal translation:

Rest in one's native land is sweet;
But for a tomb, all earth is meet.

Sir Walter Scott, who, it may be mentioned, selected the quotation, gave the following free rendering of it:

Rest in fair France 'twas vain for them to crave;
A cold and hostile clime affords a grave.

The phrase 'cold and hostile' was not considered

altogether in keeping with the spirit of the memorial, and the translation was not inscribed upon it.

On the other side there is a similar inscription in French; but the writer, evidently in sympathy with those who at the call of their country died exiles, studiously avoids any reference to their nationality, and styles them simply 'prisoners of war.' This considerateness has not escaped the notice and appreciation of their countrymen; for, not long before our visit, two French gentlemen, who were visiting the mills, were shown the memorial. Standing before it with heads uncovered, and reading in their own language the phrase referred to, one remarked to his friend, with evident emotion: 'They have not insulted us.—Prisoners of war—not French. Very good.' It was not always so; 'Vae victis!' (Woe to the vanquished!) being of old the only regret expressed towards those against whom the fortunes of war had turned.

Beneath, is a verse in the same language, which we were inclined to attribute to Lamartine, but which we learned was from the gifted pen of the late Alexander Cowan, Writer to the Signet. Graphically and with true pathos, it tells the life's story of these unfortunate victims of war, as will be seen from the following paraphrase:

Born to bless the vows of mothers
Growing old,
Called away by fate, life's story
Soon is told.
Lovers, and in turn the loved ones—
Still more dear—
Husbands, fathers. Sad the ending—
Exiles drear.

Long after the mills had ceased to be used as a military prison, and again resounded with the sounds of busy labour instead of the sighs of the captives, a member of the firm was sojourning in France. Paying a visit to a large military hospital akin to our own Chelsea, he got into conversation with one of the inmates who had seen service in his time, and discovered that, many years before, he had been in Scotland.

'How came you there?' he asked of the old soldier.—'As a prisoner of war, monsieur,' replied the veteran in broken English.

'And where were you taken prisoner, may I ask?'—'Waterloo,' was the brief rejoinder.

'Yes. And where were you taken after that?'—'Plymouth.'

'Yes. And where then?'—'To Leith.'

'Yes. And after that?'—'Into the country, monsieur.'

'Yes. And what part?'—'Valleyfield.'

'Ah! Valleyfield?' was uttered in surprise. 'I come from Valleyfield.'—'Ah, monsieur,' replied the old man in sorrowful tones, 'very cold country; no vines—large cabbages.'

The cold of our northern clime had evidently made a lasting impression upon him, especially when taken into conjunction with the loss of his *vin ordinaire*.

On being told that a monument had been erected at Valleyfield to the memory of his countrymen who had died in exile, a tear glistened in the old man's eyes, and he was deeply affected.

'Would you like to have a sketch of it?'—'Ah, yes, monsieur—very much.'

The sketch was accordingly sent; and a year or two afterwards, on a second visit to the same hospital, it was seen suspended in a conspicuous place in the veteran's little room.

ETRUSCAN RELICS.

IN a recent Italian newspaper there is an interesting account of excavations and discoveries in the Tuscan Maremma, conducted by Dottore Isidore Falchi. The site of a once famous city, Vetulonia, has been identified, and many curious relics of an ancient civilisation have been brought to light—amongst other things, a vase bearing a curious inscription in the language of ancient Etruria. This account brought to our mind certain notes taken at Volterra, a few years back, which may interest those persons who are curious to know something of the history and domestic life of a highly cultivated people, and of a civilisation anterior to the foundation of Rome. Volterra may possibly excite less interest than Vetulonia, in so far that its site has never been doubted, and all trace of its early occupants has not been swept away.

Volterra lies about thirty miles north-west of Siena, but is more easily reached from Leghorn. A railway from that place to Le Saline, a small town in the plain, is met by an omnibus, which tugs the inquiring tourist up the steep and difficult hill on the top of which stands Volterra. To reach it from Siena, one must hire a carriage, and spend at least one night there. The drive amply repays the slight loss of time and possible inconvenience. Leaving Siena by the Porta Camollia, the road leads through an interesting and classical country, immortalised by Dante, till, turning off the Florentine road, we reach the thriving town of Colle, the lower part of which, with its smelting-furnaces and foundries, shows something of a nineteenth-century life one had almost forgotten in the quiet dullness of Siena. Leaving Colle, the road ascends all the way to Volterra, winding about in mazy doubles, and showing a varied and interesting panorama, and new points of view at every turn of the road. The towers of San Geminiano appear at no great distance, but vanish as we turn the next corner. At length, passing a high tower split from top to bottom by an earthquake shock, and reminding us forcibly of the volcanic nature of the soil, we sight Volterra, which we enter by the Etruscan gate. This gate is well worth minute inspection. Immense blocks of a dark-coloured stone resembling porphyry, dovetailed together without mortar, form a double arch of great thickness and solidity. The external arch is ornamented by three heads cut out of the blocks, which form what may be called the keystone and the side-points from which the arch springs. These heads are supposed to represent the tutelary divinities of the city. The heads are gracefully posed, but the features obliterated by time. Much of the old Etruscan wall still remains. It is built of irregular blocks of stone, put together without any regard to uniformity or regularity, pieced together without mortar—a truly cyclopean dry-stone dike.

The city is built on the top of a hill which rises abruptly from the plain; on the western side, it is indeed quite precipitous. A curious natural phenomenon is gradually undermining the town; much of the old wall has already fallen, and one part of the city has disappeared. A gulf has been formed by the subsidence of the soil and wall; churches, houses, and monasteries have been swallowed up.

Many old Etruscan tombs are found in the neighbourhood; but these have been for the most part stripped of their relics, which are now carefully preserved in the Museum. Two of the tombs have, however, been left for the gratification of the curious. These are outside the town, in the neighbourhood of the convent of San Girolomo, in the grounds of a pretty Italian villa, the gardener of which keeps the keys. The larger of the two tombs is in the form of a Latin cross, divided into five chambers, in which have been deposited the urns containing the ashes of the family or families to whom the tomb belonged. The most ancient of these urns consists of two hollow stones placed over each other, so that a cavity is formed in the centre, in which have been deposited the ashes of the deceased. Next we came to urns of much the same shape and size, but the stones more carefully dressed, and ornamented by geometric circles and angles designed upon them. Next followed delicately cut garlands of flowers and leaves. The urns appeared to be about a foot and a half in length, less than one high, and perhaps one foot broad. We had no means of accurately measuring them. Some of them were made of alabaster so transparent that the light of the torch could be seen behind, as if through porcelain.

But it is in the Museum of Volterra that we find the greatest number and the most remarkable of these relics. We can there see sculptured on the funeral urn the simple and homely scenes of domestic life, alike in all countries. On some may be seen the steed standing at the door, ready for a journey, while the angel of death, with outspread wings, separates the husband and wife, who have taken their last embrace. He is bound on that journey from which there is no return. The same idea is repeated in many forms, extremely touching. Sometimes it is the host who has been summoned from a feast, the banquet of life, by the winged messenger, who stands at the door. Again, it may be a vessel ready to leave the port, the sails half furled, to catch the breeze which is to speed it on its way. Nowhere is to be seen anything approaching the Death's head and crossbones with which we are familiar.

On many of the urns which appear to contain the ashes of the father and mother of the household, a kind of double statue is placed, the heads and busts tolerably well proportioned. The figures are placed in a recumbent position; the lower limbs are disproportionately contracted, reminding one of a certain style of caricature; but all idea of the grotesque vanishes before the touching expression and grace of the head and features. One might think that at last those two have met, never again to say farewell, so complete is the expression of repose. This style is much more frequent in Perugia than in Volterra,

where the sculptures appear to be of a much earlier date than in the former city.

Again, we find scenes from battle and hunting fields. The siege of Volterra is recognised by the old gateway with its three heads. The chase of the wild-boar, in all its details, from the start to the final scene, with the boar at bay, forms the ornament and story of another class of urns. Next, we come upon a change of subject, and Greek poetry is introduced, scenes from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* being largely represented. The long necklace of beads hung round the neck of the chief figure on the urns—said to be emblematic of eternity, and to represent the sacerdotal character of the head of the house; the apple—emblem of fecundity—placed in the hands of the mother; the representation of sacrifice, and sacrificing vessels themselves, which have been preserved—all indicate a strong sense of religion, and show more than a glimmering idea of a future life.

Modern Volterra has almost a monopoly of works in alabaster, which substance is found in the quarries in the neighbourhood. The little town of Le Saline in the plain prepares the borax which, we believe, is largely exported to England. There is, besides, much to interest the tourist at Volterra. It has, like all other Tuscan towns, a medieval history of its own, with its fortresses, churches, and paintings; but besides being off the beaten track, it has little accommodation for travellers, though we were tolerably lodged in one of the two inns there. Italian seems to be the only language spoken, but it is the pure Tuscan tongue, elegant and idiomatic, the *lingua madre* of Dante and St Catharine.

PURPLE PANSIES.

MINE is no lordly garden ground,
With winding walks and shady trees,
And pleasant nooks, where may be found
Safe shelter from too keen a breeze.
Oft have I dreamt of such a place,
And fenced it well with tender fancies,
And am but owner, by God's grace,
Of just one plot of purple pansies.

Few other flowers will make their homes
So near the busy, dusty town;
The rose to purer dwellings roams,
And shuns the factory chimney's frown.
A lilac bush, across the wall
Brings me a greeting from my neighbour's,
When I step out at twilight fall,
To rest me after weary labours.

I linger in my small domain,
Or stoop to pluck some cherished flower,
And dream myself in some cool lane,
Quaint 'Pleasance,' or 'My Lady's Bower.'
I scarcely miss the gardens fair
Of silvan queens in old romances,
Since I find heart's-ease for my care
Beside my treasured purple pansies.

FLORENCE TYLER.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.